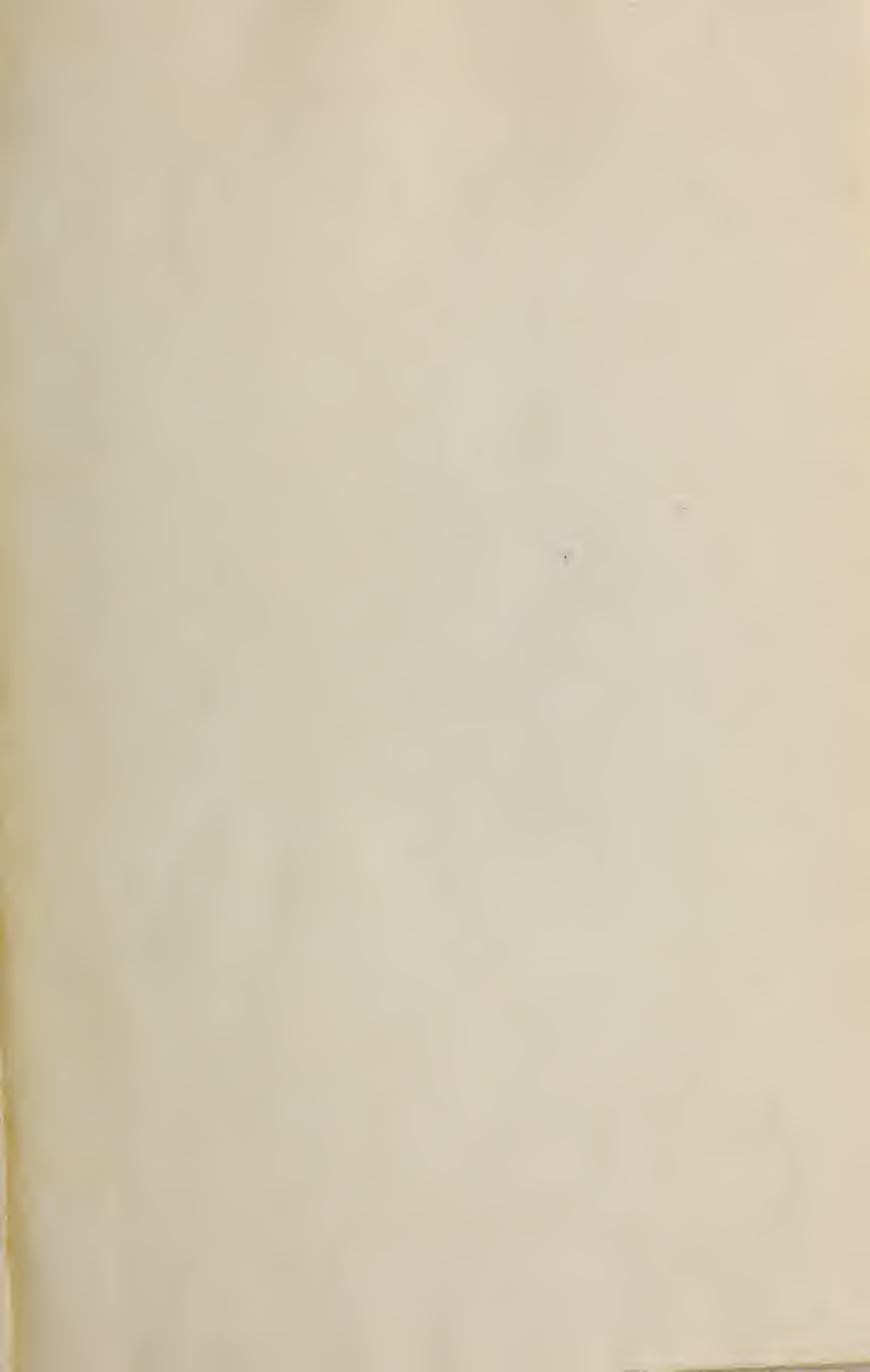



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Neglected Arabia





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Missionary  
News and Letters

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The Arabian Mission

# Arabia



VIEW OF MUTTRAH.

NUMBER EIGHTY-TWO

JULY - SEPTEMBER, 1912

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# The Arabian Mission.

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# NEGLECTED ARABIA.

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JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1912.

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## The Business Man and Foreign Missions.

Christian missions and commercial enterprises seem to be the two natural factors affecting the development of non-civilized or semi-civilized countries. Both are the pioneers of modern civilization, yet their purposes and aims are quite different, and very often the relations existing between them are not of the most friendly nature. Quite frequently the business man co-operates with the missionary to a certain extent, but there are many instances on the foreign field where the moral laxness and questionable methods of the trader make it impossible for the missionary to be associated with him. On the other hand, the missionary is apt to be narrow in his views, and his harsh judgments are not always consistent with his profession.

These differences are not allowed to pass unnoticed by the native. This applies especially to the progressive Moslem. As a rule, he seeks the friendship of the missionary, and of course it is to his advantage to cultivate the acquaintance of the trader. But he cannot or will not differentiate between them, and when he sees the life and teachings of the one contradicted by the example and actions of the other, then he concludes that after all, Christianity is no better than his own religion, the integrity of which is also causing him considerable doubt.

It is a matter of regret that the work of missions should be retarded in any way by the business man, but we cannot get away from this disagreeable fact, and the history of almost every Christian mission reveals instances where the trader has been a direct hindrance to the progress of Christianity. Ever since the advent of Christian missions, this situation has been bravely faced by the workers on the field, and today the problem is still unsolved.

A possible solution is a direct appeal to Christian business men to seek employment or to launch commercial enterprises in non-Christian lands. The services of capable business men are urgently required in all undeveloped countries, and the time has arrived when they should be asked to face the damaging situation which is largely due to the questionable practices of their less enlightened brethren. Christians in general would do well to study the example set by Moslems. Every traveller, every sailor, every merchant is a missionary who teaches and succeeds in planting his religion wherever he goes. If the average Christian possessed half the religious zeal of the average

Moslem, there is little doubt that "the evangelization of the world in this generation" would be an accomplished fact.

The subject of industrial work in connection with Christian missions has received far too little attention. It is a matter of vital importance that the gospel be preached in every land, but it does not seem possible that much headway can be made if the development of the country is left in the hands of men who have no sympathy with Christian ideals. Missionaries in China seem to have come to a full realization of this fact, and while they are not in a position to undertake any industrial work themselves, yet they have been able to secure desirable men to fill many of the positions advertised by the Chinese Government. But Africa seems to be the field where industrial work connected with missions has been carried on with real success. The Dark Continent has furnished many examples of missionaries who worked at their particular trade or profession, and perhaps we might regard Alexander Mackay of Uganda as the father of industrial missions. He was supported by the Church Missionary Society, and as far as the writer of this article has been able to find out, the organization of the first industrial mission was largely due to the life and work of this great engineer-missionary in Uganda.

This particular industrial mission was organized as early as 1875 by a number of Glasgow business men for the purpose of opening up Livingstonia and of carrying the gospel to Central Africa. The personnel of the mission included a pastor, engineer, blacksmith, carpenter, agriculturalist, sailor, Dr. Robert Laws who had spent many years in Africa, and Lieutenant Young, R.N., who acted as leader. The whole scheme has proved to be particularly successful—not only from an evangelical standpoint but also from a business standpoint. It seems to be a project that appeals to the instincts of every level headed business man. Within recent years it was found that the industrial work had grown beyond the scope of the mission, and consequently a separate organization was formed. This is known as the African Lakes Corporation. According to the latest reports from Glasgow, every ship that leaves the Clyde, bound for East African ports, carries large quantities of machinery and supplies for the Corporation. The men are doing a splendid work opening up the country for commerce, and at the same time they are living lives that win the love and admiration of the natives.

A second industrial mission of slightly different nature has recently been organized by the Student Christian Association of the University of Michigan for the purpose of working in Turkish Arabia. The Association at first considered the plan of a medical mission to be worked in co-operation with the Arabian Mission Hospital at Busrah,





MR. CHARLES F. SHAW.



MRS. ADELE B. SHAW.



MR. PHILIP C. HAYNES.



HALL G. VAN VLACK, M.D.



MRS. MERCY VAN VLACK.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN IN BUSRAH, ARABIA.

but after asking the advice of the home Board and several missionaries who were then on furlough, it was deemed advisable that the programme should include educational and industrial work as well as medical work. Within a short time the preliminary arrangements were completed, money was collected, and several people volunteered for service. Two of these have agreed to support themselves by carrying on their work as engineers, but time alone will tell whether they are able to accomplish any degree of success in the face of Turkish opposition and misrule.

A general view of the whole situation reveals the fact that industrial missions have not received a great deal of attention, and there seems to be a diversity of opinion as to whether foreign missionary societies should undertake any kind of industrial work which is not purely educational in its nature. One thing is certain—the example of the average trader is not a credit to the Christian religion. It remains to be seen whether more business men will come forward with a solution for the problem that has so long hindered the progress of Christianity in non-Christian lands.

CHAS. FARQUHAR SHAW.

## The People of Muttrah.

We were so glad to get back—I was going to say, home, and so we like to think of Muttrah, for here is our work. When we meet the familiar faces again, the faces of many we had learned to love, it is not hard to think of this as home, even though we frequently find ourselves thinking of dear old Michigan as home too.

Many of you may not have heard much of Muttrah, partly because it is a comparatively new center of work, and we usually speak of it as Muscat work since we are only three miles from there, and our post office being there, our letters should always be directed to Muscat.

Muscat is the capital of Oman, and there the Sultan and all the foreign consuls—British, French and American—reside, and the post office and cable office are located there; but commercially Muttrah is more important, for all the caravans from this part of the coast start from and return to Muttrah. Everything is carried in boats between these two places. When starting on a medical-evangelistic, or purely evangelistic tour to the interior, those from Muscat must come here, hire donkeys or camels and begin their journeys, and returning, unload their camels at Muttrah and stretch their legs after the tedious mountain journey.

I might say much more about the city of Muttrah but I have been asked to write about the people.

The people are of three quite distinct classes, viz., the Arabs, who are natives of Oman or Zanzibar; the Beluchies from Beluchistan, which is across the Gulf of Oman; and the Khojas, Mohammedan merchants from the Deccan, India; with a smattering of negroes among all classes.

The Khojas live in a walled city within the city of Muttrah and although they are the merchants of both Muttrah and Muscat and supply most of the medical fees of the dispensary, they are the least satisfactory to work with or for, from an evangelistic viewpoint, as they are isolated, more fanatical and far less approachable.

The Arabs are the most delightful of all classes to work with, as they are very hospitable and in a greater measure grateful for what is done for them. Many of the women do not wear the prescribed Mohammedan veil, and they seem more intelligent and open-minded than the Arab women of our other stations.

The Beluchies are the coolies, the poorest class, but are very

approachable. Work among them would be very satisfactory, if all understood Arabic, but so many of them do not. However, we feel that in spite of difficulties, the work has an unusually bright prospect and not the least of this is the touring into the interior, where the people are pure Arabs.

Our native force here is zealous and satisfactory. The two dispensary assistants are converted Mohammedans from Afghanistan, and have the real missionary spirit. We are daily expecting a man from the

interior, to train as a third assistant, who has been trying to live as a Christian for some time. He was recently visited by a colporteur on tour, and found persecuted for his faith. As he is still a young man, we have sent for him to come to us.

The Muttrah colporteur is a bright young fellow and a zealous worker. He has just returned from Busrah with a bride, a Christian girl who has been educated in the C. M. S. school at Mosul.

From a medical standpoint, Muttrah is the most favorable station I have worked in. The people seem to have more faith in us and our medicines, are more willing to follow our directions when sick, and come to us in greater numbers. At present we are treating seventy and eighty patients a day, and the number is steadily increasing. We fully expect the work to double in the early summer, as at that time many will be coming in from the interior for treatment. Pray that we all may lift up Christ in our lives that He may draw men unto Him.



A FAMILY AT MUTTRAH.

S. J. THOMS.

## A Visit to a Woman Pilgrim from Mecca.

You are cordially invited to join me in a visit to an Arab lady who has just returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and a visit to the Holy Land. Our visit will be interesting, for she will tell of her trips, and we will hear what impressed her most. She is now called a Hajjiah (a pilgrim) and it will be courteous to salaam her with that title joined to her name.

The house, being that of a wealthy man, has several divisions. At present three wives are occupying the same building, but each a different section. The rooms are large and well-furnished. Our hostess meets us at the head of the staircase, inside the court. The silk garments of many bright colors and her jewels glittering in the sunlight as she stands with out-stretched hands to welcome us, make a picture one would like to paint.

After our formal salaams are over, we follow her into a large, square room, cool and comfortable. The floor is spread with many costly Persian rugs and with a dozen or more pillows, the one prettier than the other. But we must not look around too much; we must listen to her, for she is eager to tell of her novel experiences.

"When we left Bahrein, we went to Bombay, where we remained about two weeks. Before we left Bombay, the quarantine doctor came, felt the wrist of everyone, and stamped our arms with a seal. And then we went aboard the steamer which took us to Port Said. We were well treated on board ship. The food was good, and we met many women. At Port Said we left our boat and were taken into a house to stay a few days. They call that house a 'hutel.' There was a white woman, a Christian like you, in that house. Oh, but what a city! We saw many carriages with horses drawing them, and some that went oh, so fast without any horse or donkey to pull them. I do not know what they call them; I forgot the name. And we saw so many people, so many women like you, going back and forth with hats on their heads and without veils. They took us to a place where all had to sit in the dark; then we saw on the wall, right in front of us, people moving and running after each other and falling from housetops, and some killing each other, but it was not real; they were pictures that were moving and looked like real, but did not speak. I got frightened and hastened to leave. Oh, but Bombay and Port Said are pretty places. From Port Said we went to Jaffa and from there to the Holy Land. We saw the church of Mary, daughter of Amran. Inside that church there is a picture of Mary as she is



sitting, holding her child, the prophet Isa (Jesus), peace be upon him, in her arms. Many boys, all dressed in white, walked around, carrying lighted candles and lanterns in their hands, singing to music. The church was beautifully decorated with gold and silver ornaments. We also saw the well of Jacob, about which you read to us, where the prophet Isa met the woman of Samaria. We saw so many pretty places, oh, so many. There are many Christians. Almost all of them are Christians. And there are oh, so many different kinds of flowers and fruits: grapes are as big as nuts. The gardens were so beautiful, that we felt that we were in a different world. Oh, how short the time seemed! I wish I could go and stay there for weeks and months and breathe clean air, all perfumed with grass and flowers. We also went to Beirut and Damascus, after which we went by train to Medina. Just think, the train made the distance in four days, which by camel takes two months. The train was as long as from here to your house. It went by steam like the boats, 'tschut' 'tschut' 'tschut,' oh, so fast, much faster than a horse or donkey could go.

We arrived in Medina, the city where the prophet Mohammed, on him be peace, lies buried. After we had been bathing in a big place, we changed our clothes and dressed in green, red and white. Twenty-seven days we spent in Medina, and we did nothing else but pray and go around seeing everything. You know there is, near our prophet's grave, another grave ready for your prophet Isa, peace be upon him; he will come again and be buried there, after which we shall all have the same religion.

From Medina to Mecca we traveled on camels, thirteen nights and eleven days. We traveled by day and during the night we put up a tent and lived in fear. We were all trembling for fear of the Bedouins. You know they are very bad and make it their business to steal and rob and kill. The scenery from Medina to Mecca is pretty. There are many date gardens, and we found enough to buy to eat, but we lived in terror and fear.

As we arrived near Mecca, we changed our clothes and dressed in white. Then we entered into the city and went around the house of God. Then we had to go from one place to another, praying. Then we drank from the holy well, Zem-zem. On the ninth day we went to a place several miles distant and stayed over night. The next morning we went to the mountain Arafat and heard a sermon. I did not understand anything of it. Then we went to a place to hit the devil. We all had many pebbles with us and threw the stones at the devil seven times, twice a day for three days, all of us screaming, 'May the wrath of God, the Mighty, be upon you, Satan!' Some said



more than that. But we did not see Satan, though we saw some stones where he dwells. I was very tired by that time, for the journey from Medina to Mecca had been so hard on us all, and the place we were in at the stoning of the devil was very dirty. There was so much meat lying around from the animals that had been killed for sacrifice! The smell of it was so terrible, that it made me sick, so that I could hardly eat a thing. Hundreds and hundreds of people die of hunger and filth. Everything is so expensive that the poor people cannot live. My heart just ached for them all. They die like sheep. So many sick people come to Mecca to die, because of the great reward! Oh, it was hard, very hard and difficult and expensive, but then just think of the great reward we are receiving, heavenly paradise."



OUR BURDENED MOSLEM SISTERS.

Now we have heard her story of her trip, and are ready to give her an appropriate lesson from the Word of God, the free gift of Salvation. We inquire into a few of her experiences and realize all the more the emptiness and superficiality of Islam. Of most of the ceremonies she went through, she does not know the meaning. All she knows is the promise of a great reward. Not a word of any sermon can she repeat. One of the five pillars of Islam is supporting her and assuring her of salvation. Let us read to her I John, 5, join in prayer and return to our homes, bearing in our hearts the burden of Islam, and resolved to lift it from the hearts of our Moslem sisters.

JOSEPHINE E. SPAETH.

## A Trip to Zellag.

Never having seen Zellag, Mr. Van Peursem and I were glad to accept the invitation of a Bedouin, who had his eyes treated in the hospital, to visit him in that place. Zellag lies farthest south of all the villages on the west coast of Bahrein. The distance from Menamah (our home) to the village is about fourteen miles, a mere trifle in America with modern conveniences, but no trifle in Bahrein where traveling has to be done per donkey. Hence we had to start betimes in the morning.

Even at that time the roads leading into Menamah were scenes of bustling activity. Very much in evidence was the much maligned but ever faithful and patient donkey. In the East, no more than in the West, is it a compliment to a person to call him by the name of this quadruped; and yet in Bahrein and most of the Gulf ports there is hardly an animal that approaches it in usefulness. The animals were loaded with various burdens. Some trotted along merrily under bunches of palm-branches so big that only the ears and legs were visible. Others were burdened with large baskets of succulent alfalfa, fresh from the gardens. Still others were ridden by elderly men in spotless clothing and white turbans.

The crowds of people also deserve notice. Most of them were gardeners from nearby villages, anxious to get their produce to the early market. The richer clothing of some indicated that they were either heads of villages or religious teachers. Now and then we met groups of men whose uncouth appearance at once stamped them as Bedouins.

Our path lay among such scenes till we came to the tombs of Ali, those silent mounds which so closely guard their secret that the best solution of their mystery amounts to little more than a conjecture. Leaving Ali, we continued our journey for another hour or more, after which we stopped beside a spring to eat some lunch, well



CHILD-LIFE AT BAHREIN.  
The Worrall Children.

knowing that once in a Bedouin home, the prospects of getting anything to eat before evening would be very slim.

Zellag, in contrast with all the other villages we had passed, is situated on the open desert, devoid of all vegetation. The inhabitants are mostly Bedouins who, some years ago, were driven from the mainland by more powerful sheikhs. They fled to Bahrein and founded this place. True to their earlier instincts, many of the inhabitants spend part of the year living in tents on the desert that constitutes the southern half of Bahrein.

The people are very ignorant, more so than those of almost any other village. Hardly one can read. "I am a Bedouin" is to them a sufficient excuse for any lack in that respect. To sell Scriptures among people that cannot read, was well nigh impossible; nor would it have done any good. Conversation on religious subjects was also far from easy. Since most of the men are in some way connected with pearl-diving, we thought the parable of the Pearl of Great Price might interest some. In commenting on the parable and observing that people are often so intent upon the things of time that they forget the things of the world to come, we were met by the surprised answer, "But we do attend to the things of the other world, we pray and fast." The performance of these is in their theology a sure passport to heaven; and true to that conviction, all repaired faithfully to the mosque at the time of prayer, many of the smaller boys not excepted.

Our host, though rather dull, did all he could for us under the circumstances. His wife, though veiled, was freer than her Arab sisters usually are. She used to come to talk to us at times. That she was pretty well master of the house, was soon apparent. Before long she managed to suggest what presents would be most acceptable to her and her husband; and later in the day she told us, while her husband was sitting meekly by, that he was absolutely no good because he did not supply her with sufficient money. Strange that this vexing domestic problem should have penetrated even to this out of the way village on the west coast of Bahrein.

The house consisted merely of an inclosure. The dwelling appointments consisted of one room and two huts. At night the domestic animals, cows, donkeys, goats and chickens are also brought into this inclosure. We slept in one of the palm-branch huts. And though we had only a quilt between us and mother earth, and though at times our three donkeys brayed in unison, as only Bahrein donkeys can, we managed to sleep pretty well after all, and rose betimes, determined to visit Jebel Dokhan on our way back. Jebel Dokhan is the highest mountain in Bahrein and rises to a height of about five hundred feet.

It is not often visited, because it is absolutely bare and there are no villages near it. Our donkeyman could not enter into the spirit of the enterprise, and followed with many a sad reflection to which he did not fail to give utterance from time to time. However, we could not be deterred by that, and after riding about an hour, we reached the base of the highest peak. Leaving our donkey, we climbed the peak and found ourselves on the top at exactly 7:30 in the morning, at the exact hour that our fellow missionaries were having morning prayers in Menamah, and we also knelt down and prayed for the speedy conversion of the island whose limits were visible on all sides from that rocky peak.

A ride of two more hours brought us to quite an important village, Rifa'. Sheikh Khaled was home, and received us with true hospitality. His *mejlis* was, however, little visited by the very people we came to meet. The absence of a sheikh, though ostensibly a cause for regret, is in reality an advantage at times, for one can then get nearer the common people. The village itself stands on a barren eminence of rocks, but near it, in the valley, are the sweet water wells, the only source of sweet water on Bahrein.

We started on our homeward trip at an early hour, and would have reached Menamah an hour before sundown, had we not offered to sell Gospels to some men on the way. Before we were aware of it, we were launched on a discussion on the Trinity with some of the most fanatic Mohammedans in Bahrein. The main speaker relied mainly upon bluff as an argument, and would hardly allow us to complete a sentence before interrupting every time. Their arguments are based mostly on ignorance, and are directed against positions they suppose us to hold. To tell them that we do not hold those tenets any more than they, is almost useless, for since lying is allowed them in defense of religion, they believe that we do the very same thing. However, we managed not to make enemies, and before we left, coffee was served us, although, no doubt, the cup from which we drank was afterwards broken as being too unclean for further use by such holy men.

Thus in one way and another, we endeavor to sow the seed. May the Lord of Harvest ere long give us the joy of bringing in the sheaves.

G. J. PENNINGS.



## Arabia Through Green Glasses.

Perhaps there are many people living in the western hemisphere, who think and expect the change in climate, geography, people and customs would be very abrupt if they should travel to Arabia. But when I left America, I did not meet with this expected, sudden alteration upon my arrival in Arabia, because my route was by way of England, the continent of Europe, Cairo, Egypt, Bombay, India, thence to Muscat, and finally to Bahrein.

All along my journey I was greatly impressed with the gradual change there was from one country to another. It was an excellent object lesson in the evolution of nations, and the physical geography of the countries. However, my observations were made from the standpoint of involution. For I was traveling from a complex arrangement of civilization to a simple, uncultured, primitive state of society. These facts were just as visible in the physical world, because I noticed the gradual change from the divergent, fertile country, through the hilly but barren places to the plain, barren desert of Arabia. Therefore when I arrived in Bahrein, apparently everything did not seem so unfamiliar to me. But later I discovered that my glasses were of a greener hue than I was aware, for I saw quite a few interesting sights.

First the narrow streets or passages through the town made me feel somewhat hopeless in my ability to find my way to visit in the homes. However, they are more pleasant on a hot day than the wide streets, because high stone walls of the dwelling houses on each side keep out the sun. I also noticed there were no windows on the outside of these houses, as the houses at home have. But instead are a few little holes about the size of the doors which the boys at home make in their pigeon boxes.

I saw but few women on the streets, and those whom I did meet, had their faces, heads, and bodies covered by a large, black cloak or abba, so that no one could distinguish their features. They were rather gruesome looking when I saw them on the outside, but when I met them in their houses, I was most pleasantly surprised at their pretty faces, and I was charmed by their low voices and quiet manners. I could not keep from loving them at once. Those who were happy, are the exceptional few, because most have a sad expression on their faces.

Another interesting fact I'll mention, is I never hear the men and boys whistle along the way as do the men and boys in the small places at home. I have never heard an Arab woman sing. I have never



heard or seen a baby soothed to sleep under a mother's lullaby. There is no real home life among the Arabs. Moreover there is no word for home in the Arabic language, but instead they use the word "beit" or house. Such a song as "Home, Sweet Home" could not be appreciated here. I have heard some boys singing by the wayside. It is interesting to listen to their peculiar music, because every tune is in a distinct minor key. They do not know how to sing in the major keys. It caused me to compare the music here with what I heard in the Christian nations where it is a mixture of both minor and major keys. Best of all with the music of Heaven, where there will be no more sin or sorrow, the music will be all in the major tones.

At present I need only to mention the great prevalence of ignorance, superstition, and a distinct anti-Christian spirit because much has been written heretofore concerning these conditions.

The dispositions of the inhabitants here vary according to their nationality. There are three distinct classes in Bahrein, the Negro, the Arabs, and the Persians. Of course, the negro here has about the same temperament as the negroes in the southern states at home. They are a jolly, happy-go-lucky class of people, who find much pleasure in their cake-walking, and singing. But the Arabs are quiet and suppress their emotions, which is due more to their intensive belief in fatalism. They are very proud and somewhat distant in their manner. The Persians are similar to the Arabs, although not so proud and haughty. The high-class are quite refined in their manners.

As for the language, well! my glasses are so green I can't write anything about it except that it is no little task to learn to converse with the women on subjects that will enlighten them. But I hope within two years my glasses will have taken on a clearer, more transparent color, not only in looking at the language, but also in looking at and seeing Arabia better than I do now.

SARAH LONGWORTH HOSMON, M.D.



## Mohammed's Sandals.

It is not generally known how many superstitions are connected with the everyday religious life of the orthodox Moslem, and how even in such centers of civilization and education as Bombay and Beirut, the masses of the people are still sunk in ignorance and find religious consolation in the puerile practices of medieval Islam. The accompanying illustration is a reduced facsimile of a document pub-

lished at Beirut a few years ago, and of which I purchased a copy in Bombay in one of the large Mohammedan book shops. It represents one of the sandals of the Prophet, and a verbatim translation of the accompanying text will throw new light on the character of popular Islam and the superstitious regard with which every detail of Mohammed's life is surrounded.

#### TRANSLATION.

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate: It is well known that the sandals of the Prophet (upon whom be prayers and peace) were of double character, that is, layer upon layer of leather, without hair. Each sandal had two pegs and he, (upon whom be prayers and peace), used to put one of the two pegs between the first and second toe and the other between the middle toe and the last, and would fasten them with a leather strap to the back of his foot, and this strap was also doubled, made of ox leather cut into the shape of tongues and fastened to the heel by similar straps. Some of those who have preserved the traditions say that these straps were yellow."

"The writer of this document states that this is a perfect likeness of the sandals of the Prophet of God (upon whom be prayers and peace) for it was taken by photographic process from a book entitled 'Fatah el Mutaal fi Madh al Naal' by Ahmed el Makkari, one of our learned men, a large volume, of which, through the kindness of God, I have been able to secure three celebrated copies; one of them a manuscript of special value, and in every one of the copies the picture of the sandals is well-nigh the same; all of which is confirmed by the writings of Ibn Arabi, Ibn Asaker, Ibn Marzook, El Tarki, El Siyuti, El Sakhawa and El Tatai and others of the sheikhs. All of whom mentioned the traditional sources concerning this matter, namely, that the sandals of the Prophet (upon whom be prayers and peace) were kept with Lady Ayesha (God have mercy on her) and that after her death they passed from hand to hand until finally the picture of them was transferred to the books mentioned..... And I have transferred the principal traditions and benefits of the sandals from the book mentioned to this document."

"Manawi says that all the prophets wore sandals and that men only began to use other footwear because there was much mud in the place where they dwelt. The printing of this document was completed—unto God be the praise—in the month Ragib of the year 1315 in the days of the caliphate of our Lord, the Commander of the Faithful, the Sultan most high, the Defender of the Faith, Abdul Hamid II. (may God give him victory), and the work was completed at the hands of his humble servant Joseph the son of Ismael el

Nabhani, the head of the college of the Court of Justice in Beirut who testifies:

‘Verily, I have done service in picturing the sandals of the Exalted One  
That I may live in this world and the world to come under his shadow;  
Ibn Masood was happy as servant of his sandals,  
And I am happy in doing service by their representation.’ ”

*“Special Notice:* Among the names of Mohammed (upon whom be God’s prayers and peace) in the ancient books is that of the ‘Possessor of the Two Sandals’ because wearing sandals was a custom among the Arabs and he had two pair as well as eight pair of other foot-gear, and he used to go about both with sandals and on bare feet, especially at the time of worship to show his humility, and he prayed at times in his sandals because they were purified. He carried them in his left hand at times, although the servant of his sandals was Ibn Masood who carried them on his arm when the Prophet removed them from his feet, and placed them before him when he desired it. And he always used the right sandal first in putting them on, and the left sandal in taking them off. Hence Ibn el Jauzi testifies ‘Whosoever practices putting on the right sandal first will be free from disease of the spleen.’ Another authority states that if the picture of the sandals is written out and the one who has a diseased spleen drinks the ink water he will be cured by the will of God.”

“In reply to the questioner it is well to state that the representation of trees and such things, including this picture of the sandal, is allowed to Mohammedans, but the representation of man and of living creatures is forbidden.”

*“Benefits to be Received from this Representation:* It has been handed down by Kastalani and Mukarri from the learned of the well attested blessings inherent in this celebrated picture, viz., that whosoever possesses it will be blessed thereby. He will be free from the envy of those who envy and the victory of his enemies, and protected from every evil devil and the eye of every envier. And if a woman in travail holds it in her right hand, she will have an easy delivery by the power of God. This paper is also a surety against the evil eye and sorcery, and whosoever carries it with him, will find himself acceptable among men, and he will doubtless visit the tomb of the Prophet and see him in his dreams. And this paper was never found in an army put to flight, nor in a caravan robbed, nor in a ship which sank, nor in a house that burned, nor among possessions that were

robbed. And one never asked a favor of the possessor of these sandals (upon whom be prayers and peace) but the favor was granted; nor could one be in trouble without finding deliverance, nor in sickness without finding health, the only condition being a strong faith." Here ends the translation.

The fact that papers such as these are sold to Moslems by the thousands and ten thousands every year in every part of the world, would tend to prove that the new era of enlightenment has not yet come to the masses, and that the old Islam with all its superstitions and glorification of the false Prophet still holds sway in their hearts.

S. M. ZWEMER.



MOHAMMED'S SANDAL.





# The Moslem World

A quarterly Review of current events, literature, and  
thought among Mohammedans, and the progress  
of Christian Missions in Moslem Lands.

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